

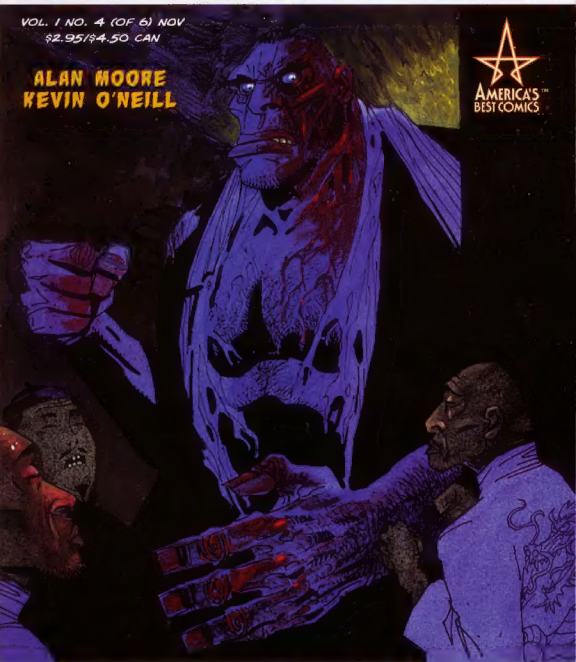


The League of Extraordinary **GENTLEMEN**

VOL. 1 NO. 4 (OF 6) NOV
\$2.95/\$4.50 CAN

ALAN MOORE
KEVIN O'NEILL


AMERICA'S™
BEST COMICS



"Put up your fists," barked Edward, "and soon we'll see the cut of your jib!"

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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Wapping, July, 1878.

WELL, MR. MATE? NOW THEY'RE ALL SAFELY ASHORE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW COLLEAGUES?

CALL ME ISHMAEL, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE KNOWN ME LONG ENOUGH.

AS FOR YOUR NEW SHIP-MATES, QUATERMAIN'S A DECENT COVE, AND YOUR MISS MURRAY'S ALRIGHT FOR A BIT O' FLUFF.

WHAT OF GRIFFIN AND JEKYLL?

DON'T LIKE 'EM, 'SPECIALLY YOUR INVISIBLE FELLER. STILL, SINCE YOU'RE ASKIN' ME AND OLD BROAD ARROW JACK 'ERE, WE WAS TALKING. WE DON'T RECKON NONE OF 'EM IS YOUR REAL DANGER.

OH? AND WHO IS?

WHY, YOUR TUBBY CHAP, SIR, HE'S THE ONE, YOUR MR. BOND. NOW AIN'T THAT RIGHT, JACK?

AYE, FAMILY'S GOT A REPUTATION, BAD 'UN. I'VE 'EARD ABOUT 'EM ON ME TRAVELS.

DON'T YOU TRUST 'IM, CAPTAIN.

NO. I'D COME TO MUCH THE SAME CONCLUSION.

BOND BELIEVES WE ARE HIS PAWNS. HE THINKS NO-ONE OBSERVES HIS GAME.

BUT I AM NO-ONE. I OBSERVE EVERYTHING...

...AND TO PLAY WITH NEMO IS TO PLAY GAMES WITH DESTRUCTION.



WE ARE
ABOVE AN
ABYSS SUCH
AS SATAN'S
OWN, MISS
MURRAY.

PRAY
DO NOT
LOOK
DOWN.

4: Gods of Annihilation

AND YOU, SIR, SHOULD NOT LOOK UP. YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE AND I TRUST YOU'LL NOT MISUSE OUR SITUATION.

HAVING PENETRATED ROTHERMITH'S ABANDONED TUNNEL, WE MUST NOW ENDEAVOUR TO LOCATE THE STOLEN CAVORTIE.



IT HAS TO BE BELOW, USED AS AN ENGINE FOR THE FLYING WARSHIP THAT THE DEVIL DOCTOR IS CONSTRUCTING.

LET'S HOPE WE CAN CLIMB DOWN THE SCAFFOLDING BEFORE ONE OF THE DOCTOR'S LABOURERS SPOTS US.



OF COURSE, IT CAN'T BE THAT MUCH FURTHER NOW.

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, OUR CHINESE ADVERSARY MUST INTEND TO STEER HIS DRAGON VESSEL STRAIGHT OUT THROUGH THE POORHOUSE HE'S CONSTRUCTED AT THE TUNNEL MOUTH?

UNBELIEVABLE.



INDEED... AND YET I FEAR THAT IS THE FIEND'S INTENTION. ANY DOUBTS I HAD ABOUT BOND ASKING THAT WE FIND THE CAVORTIE ARE VANISHED.

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. THERE'S CONSTRUCTION GOING ON BEHIND THESE CRATES.



NOT REALLY. FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, THEY ALL SEEM TO BE FAR TOO BUSY BOWING TO PICK UP A HAMMER.

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? LET ME SEE...



OH MY GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT. IN HEAVEN'S NAME GET BACK BEHIND THE CRATES.

DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU!





IS THAT HIM?
IS THAT THE LORD
OF LIMEHOUSE?

YES, THAT'S HIM.
THE LAST TIME I SAW
HIM HE WAS WRITING
ON A LIVE MAN'S SKIN
WITH ACID.

PLEASE EXCUSE ME, BUT I
RATHER THINK IT'S TIME THAT
I UNWRAPPED MY GUN...

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
THE STUPID THING HAS ONE
SHOT AND THAT'S IT, FROM
WHAT I UNDERSTAND OF
ELEPHANT GUNS.

HIS HORDES
WOULD BE ON US
BEFORE YOU
COULD POSSIBLY
RELOAD.

I DON'T CARE, I'LL
JUST FEEL MUCH
HAPPIER WITH IT
BENEATH MY ARM.





I'M SURE WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THIS MUST BE SOME CHANCE INSPECTION THAT THE DOCTOR'S SUDDENLY DECIDED ON.

MY GUESS IS THAT HE'LL BE DEPARTING PRESENTLY. I CAN'T SAY THAT I GOT A PROPER LOOK AT HIM...

BE GLAD YOU'D ONLY HAVE BAD DREAMS.



MR. QUATERMAIN, YOU DO NOT KNOW ME OR MY HISTORY VERY WELL. MORE TO THE POINT, YOU DO NOT HAVE THE FIRST IDEA ABOUT MY DREAMS.

DREAMS THAT WERE MERELY BAD, SIR, WOULD BE A GREAT RELIEF TO ME



FURTHERMORE, THEY...

WHAT...?

你是谁？

OH, GOD, A GUARD! HE'S SEEN US...

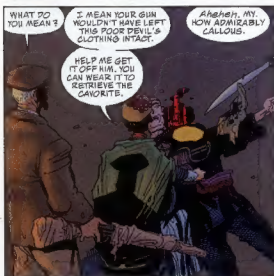


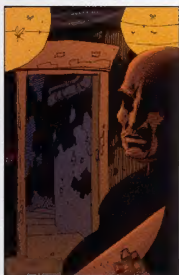
DON'T SHOOT, QUATERMAIN! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T RAISE THE ALARM!

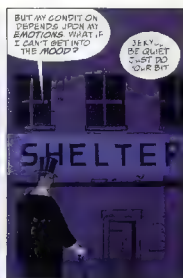
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO DO IF I DON'T STOP HIM?

你干什么呢？这儿没你的事儿。

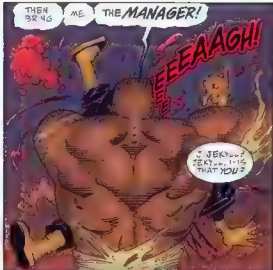


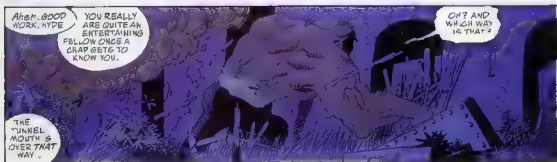














SOME SORT OF COMMOTION SEEMS TO BE DRAWING THEM AWAY FROM THEIR WORKPLACE. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO FIND THE FAVORITE!

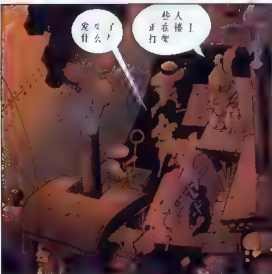
THEY - I SPOT ME IN AN INSTANT. I LOOK LIKE A DARNED PANTOMIME CHARACTER!



I WISH I STILL HAD MY CHAIN MAIL SHIRT

MR. QUATERMAN YOU ARE FAR TOO SCARED AND NERVOUS TO QUibble ABOUT FASHION.

WE'LL FIND THE FAVORITE, THEN GET IT OUT OF HERE SHAPLY SO YOUR JOB IS R

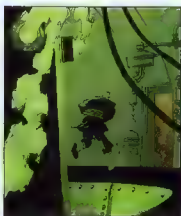
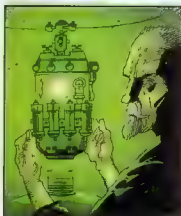


发生了什么?

些人正在楼上打架



Oh my God





I'VE GOT IT

THE WORKERS' ATTENTION SEEMS TO BE ELSEWHERE. PERHAPS TEKYL AND GRIFFIN'S DIVERSION IS WORKING

WHAT A QUEER THING IS IT HEAVY?



NO, IT'S... IT'S QUITE THE OPPOSITE. IT MAKES ME FEEL STRANGE JUST LOOKING AT IT

BUT... LET'S GET IT OUTS DE. I'LL CARRY THE GUN



BUT... THE VERY IDEA OF POWERED FLIGHT! I KNOW MEN LIKE ROBUR AND CAPTAIN MORS ARE SAID TO HAVE THE SECRET, BUT

MR PLEASE HURRY!



BUT IT'S INCREDIBLE! THIS TREATED GLASS SEEMS TO RENDER IT INERT. I IMAGINE THE BOTTOM PLATE SLIDES OUT, DIRECTING THE ENERGY DOWNWARDS

OH OR GOD'S SAKE



WHY ARE MEN SO OBSESSED WITH MECHANISMS THAT FURTHER NOTHING BUT DESTRUCTION MUST--

YES, MURRAY! BEHIND YOU IS--



YES YES... RIGHT

I AM NOT INCAPABLE YOU KNOW



EVIDENTLY

OH DASH TO! NOW THEY'VE ALL SEEN US!

THIS WAY, QUICKLY



I... I HADN'T IMAGINED THERE'D BE SO MANY OF THEM

DON'T WORRY. GRIFFIN AND TEKYL'S DIVERSION WILL GIVE US A HEAD START

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER



...AND OUR PATH SHALL BE STREWN WITH ROSES

R-ROSE? I-I FEAR YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIR...



ALTHOUGH
NEED THE
COLOURING IS
VERY SIMILAR

HARRRGHHH!

GRHA HA HA
HA HUURGH!



OH NO!
HYDE'S GONE
BARMY AND
OUR WAY IS
BLOCKED FROM
EITHER
END!

WHERE
THE HELL IS
GRIFFIN?

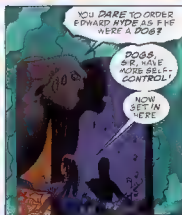
I'M HERE
WHAT
ABOUT THIS
CHAMBER?



BUT
IT'S A
DEAD
END!

WE
DON'T
HAVE ANY
CHOICE

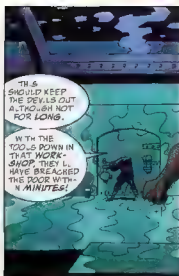
HYDE! LEAVE
THOSE MEN
ALONE AND COME
HERE! WE NEED
YOU...



YOU DARE TO ORDER
EDWARD HYDE AS IF HE
WERE A DOG?

DOGS,
SIR, HAVE
MORE SELF-
CONTROL!

NOW
SET IN
HERE



TH'S
SHOULD KEEP
THE DEVILS OUT
ALTHOUGH NOT
FOR LONG.

WITH THE
TOOLS DOWN IN
THAT WORK-
SHOP THEY LL
HAVE BREACHED
THE DOOR WITHIN
MINUTES!



URRRGH.
LET THEM I CAN
KILL THE LITTLE
BASTARDS AS QUICK
AS THEY COME
AT ME

NO, HYDE,
YOU CAN'T.
THERE ARE
HUNDREDS OF
THEM.



AND IF WE DO
NOT THINK OF SOME-
THINGS QUICKLY, THEY
WILL KILL US ALL

AHHH
ALL OF US
THAT THEY
CAN SEE,
ANYWAY



GRIFFIN, F
T CAME TO IT I'D
BLOODY WELL KILL
YOU MYSELF!

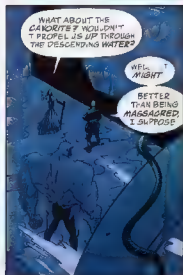
Ahhhhh
CAREFUL
QUATERMAIN
YOU WON'T SEE
ME COMING,
YOU KNOW



STOP
QUARRELLING!
I HAVE AN IDEA.

IF WE COULD
BREAK THE GLASS
ROOF ABOVE US,
WE COULD ESCAPE
INTO THE THAMES

RIDICULOUS
WE'D DROWN



WHAT ABOUT THE
CAVORTS? WOULDN'T
T PROPEL US UP THROUGH
THE DESCENDING WATER?

WELL, T
MIGHT

BETTER
THAN BEING
MASSACRED,
I SUPPOSE



T'S A STUPID IDEA, THAT
GLASS MUST BE SO THICK
THAT EVEN I COULDN'T
BREAK IT!

WHAT ABOUT
QUATERMAIN'S
ELEPHANT
GUN?



THE DOOR'S GIVING
WAY WE HAVE TO
ACT QUICKLY

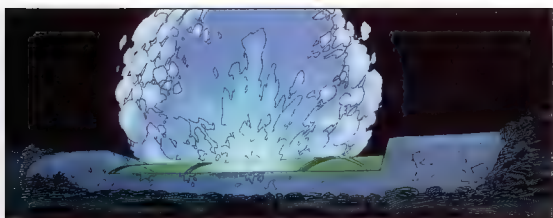
WE'LL ALL HANG
ONTO HYDE I'LL
FIRE THE GUN
MISS MURRAY,
YOU OPEN THE
CAVORTS CASE

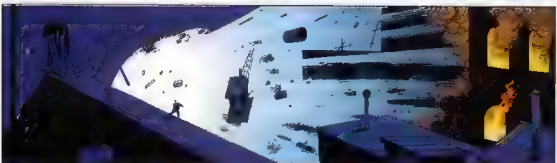
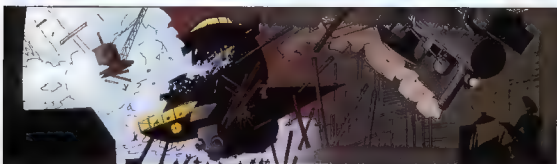
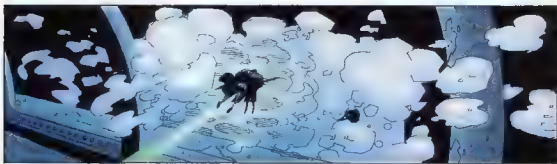
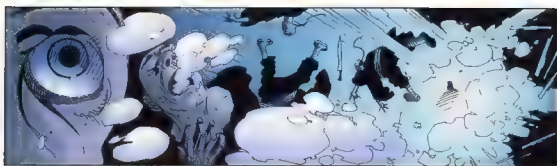


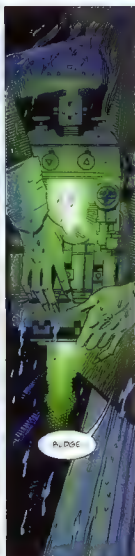
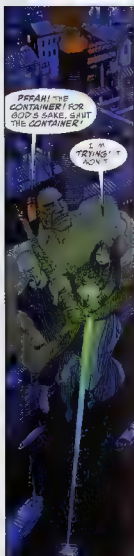
URRRGH!
NOT SO TIGHT
AROUND MY
NECK, GRIFIN!

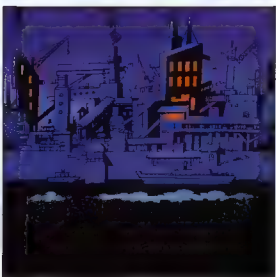
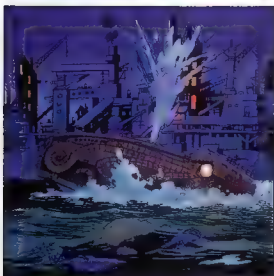
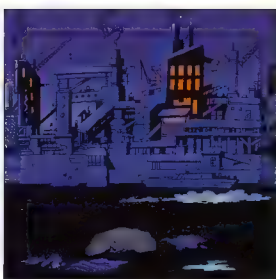
ALL RIGHT ON THE
COUNT OF THREE, I LL
FIRE AND MISS MURRAY
WILL OPEN THE CASE!

One
Two.

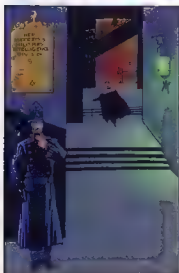
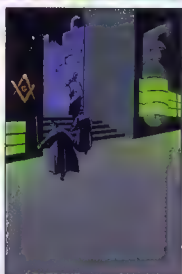
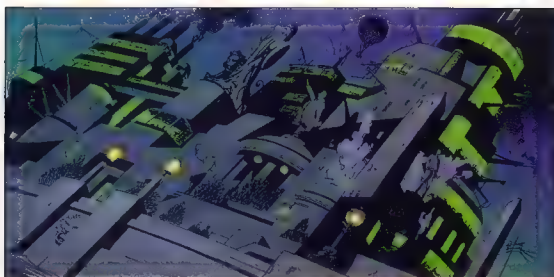


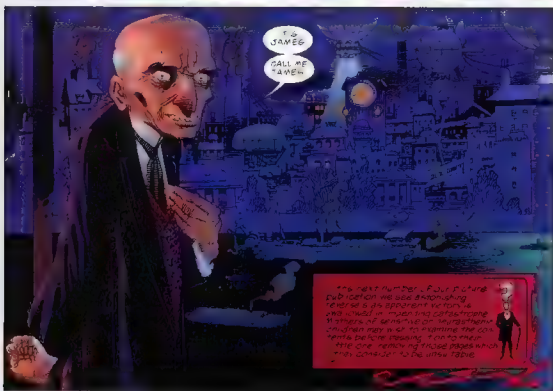












Allan and the Sundered Veil

Authored by Mr. Alan Moore
with Accompanying Illustrations
by Mr. Kevin O'Neill

CHAPTER IV THE ABYSS OF THE LIGHTS

Quatermain knew that in reality his mortal body was elsewhere, back in the solid world and no doubt comatose upon the floor of Lady Ragnali's ruined, flame-lit library; victim to an overdose of the time-twisting drug taduki. The form he presently inhabited, though modelled to recall in every way the old explorer's fleshy shell down to the clothing that was draped about it, Allan knew to be some kind of astral construct shaped from dream-stuff, and presumably with no more substance than that of a moment's fancy. Even so, a dreadful apprehension deep within the marrow of his being told him that wherever he might be, what ever numinous state he may have ascended to, there were yet things here that might injure him. Indeed, might even kill him.

One such creature, an albino and Neanderthal monstrosity that Quatermain's newfound companion the Time Traveller referred to as a Morlock, lunged now at the scarred adventurer with jaws agape, revealing what seemed to be nothing but protracted canines, dripping with a ragged lace of milky and opaque saliva.

Everything had happened so quickly. Exiled from normal consciousness by the taduki, Quatermain had found himself within an eerie, metamorphic landscape where he had encountered two more displaced souls, the timorous New England dreamer Randolph Carter and the dour Confederate officer who, it transpired, was Carter's long presumed dead Uncle John. Attacked by horrors native to those shifting twilight latitudes, they were reprieved by the arrival of the man who styled himself the Time Traveller, astride the brazen vessel upon which he braved the torrent of the aeons. First conveying them along the timestream to his base of operations in the huge plinth of an enigmatic carved sphinx, the Traveller had warned them of a dreadful flaw in space and time itself, a gaping hole torn in the very fabric of existence through which unimaginable horrors from beyond threatened to burst through into gross material existence. Scarcely had the Traveller completed his account before his sanctuary was entirely overrun by brutish servants of the trans-dimensional monstrosities, shambling and pallid ape-things that the Traveller had called Mi-Go, or Morlocks. One of these had leapt aboard the brass frame vessel of the Chrononaut just as it began to ferry the four men to safety, and now clawed frantically at Quatermain as it hung roaring from the Time-ship's rail with murder in its blind and cataracted eyes.

The creature's next blow raked Quatermain's shoulder, and the sudden stinging wetness told him that his apprehensions were well founded. He was bleeding, though the blood, presumably, was not that of the body but a far more precious spiritual fluid that flowed through the human soul. There

were, then, after all, things here with a capacity to harm him. Worse, it seemed that they might harm him upon levels and in ways that he had not imagined. Could one's spirit bleed to death? A true and final death, beyond all hope of resurrection? He had no time to dwell upon these metaphysical complexities before the screeching ape-thing launched itself at him once more.



The Time ship lurched, unbalanced by the Morlock's weight, and clinging to the craft's far sides, both the Confederate captain and his frightened nephew yelled with anger and alarm respectively. Wrestling with the craft's controls, the temporal argonaut was shouting something, but above the howling of the time-winds and the bellowing of Quatermain's sub-human adversary, the explorer could not make sense of the helmsman's cry. The blind brute had a grip on Allan's coat, and inexorably pulled the struggling human closer to those awful, snapping teeth. The single hand with which he gripped the vessel's brasswork slithered dangerously for several inches before Quatermain could check himself and take a firmer grip, and the explorer knew that if he did not manage to reverse

Allan and the Sundered Veil

this situation quickly, he would be flung from the ship into the bottomless and surging chaos through which the craft hurtled

Remembering the huge mechanic's wrench that he still gripped in his free hand, Quatermain swung his arm in a relentless weighted arc that thudded gratifyingly against the white fur matted on the monster's cheek bone, which collapsed beneath the impact. Scrabbling against the rail for purchase, frantic in sightless agony, the Morlock had time for a solitary dog-like yowl of dreadful pain before the force of Allan's backswing slammed into its temple to release a gruel-like spray of brains.

Convulsing, clenching in its mortal spasms, the monstrosity gripped fast upon the pipe-work of the Time-ship's frame even as its grotesque and stunted body began slowly and with an almost majestic air of inevitability to topple back towards the streaming void that shrieked about them. With a sense of helplessness and despairing foresight, the explorer understood what was about to happen and attempted vainly to dislodge the creature's death grip on the railing with his wrench, knowing within himself that he was far too late.

The thin, brass pipe ruptured beneath the creature's morbid weight, finally bursting at a collared joint with an ear-splitting screech and a great gout of what appeared to Quatermain to be prismatic steam, scintillant, almost sequined to the naked eye. Crouched over his controls, the Traveller looked round to view the damage to his vessel, colour drain from his face in fright as he set eyes upon the hissing rend within his Time-car's frame. Its thick, grey fingers finally torn from the damaged pipe by the vast suction of the vessel's slipstream, the dead Morlock was ripped with incredible ferocity into the vehicle's wake, amongst the ravelling plumes of shimmering steam or plasma streaming from the leak the lifeless beast had made.

To Allan's horror, as he watched the bleached corpse fall away from him, he saw that it was undergoing what could only be described as a repellent and unnatural blossoming. What seemed a thousand heads, four thousand limbs and countless fingers sprouted in a solid and organic after-trail behind the tumbling sub-man, so that it became an elongated, almost centipedal shape, twisting grotesquely in upon itself as it retreated to a livid speck in the seething and awful maelstrom of the centuries exploding at their back. It was almost as if every moment, every slice of the Morlock's trajectory were carved in space behind it as it spiralled away through the fourth dimension's awesome and eternal Now, that constant and unending hypermoment in which all creation and the terrible and fathomless abyss of history were contained.

It was with difficulty that Quatermain wrestled his attention from the spectacle of the reeding Morlock, but there were more urgent matters to attend to. The Time-craft seemed to be losing altitude, if there could be said to be such a thing as altitude in the bewildering domain. The queer and spectrumatic steam now twisted upwards from the mangled fitting, and a horrid tingling in the soles of Allan's feet told him that they were falling. Falling

slowly, it would seem, as through some thick and viscous medium, but falling nonetheless. Now he could hear the panicked imprecations of the Traveller hunched at the Chronopede's controls above the whistling rush of their descent.

"I'm losing power. We're going down into the inert Time-soup that stagnates below the race of history's impulsive current. Best hang on to something tight. I've no idea how far we have to fall."

His forehead bright with nervous perspiration, the young student Randolph Carter from Rhode Island spoke up here, voice high and quivering.

"I-Isn't this time itself we're dropping through? How do you know that we won't fall forever?"

The Traveller's grim silence in response to this was all the answer any of the men required. They did as they were bidden and clung fast against the Time-ship's broken ribs as it continued its unburied, irreversible descent into the dark and nebulaic swirl of raw and random time below.

Though it was scarcely possible within such straits to take the measurement of passing moments, it did not seem long before the gruff voice of the elder Carter roused the others from their bleak, despairing torpor as they gazed into the depthless, hopeless wastes about them.

"I see something down below us. If these are time's backwaters, like our travelling friend informs us, then I reckon what I'm looking at must be some kind of swamp gas."

Narrowing his slate-flecked eyes, Quatermain peered into the yawning chasm under them. Something approached, although he could not tell if this phenomenon were rising up towards them through the chronic murk, or if they in their turn were sinking towards it.

"He's right. I can see coloured lights, like Chinese lanterns, getting closer to us. What in God's name are they, man?"

This last remark of Allan's was directed at the temporal voyager himself, who frowned and slowly shook his head as the strange luminosities tracked ever nearer.

"I don't know. This is a phenomenon that I've not previously encountered. Why, the shape looks almost geometric. Watch out! Here's one coming at us now!"

The four men held their breath and watched in stupefied amazement as one of the glowing forms ascended slowly past them on their vessel's starboard side. It was, as the Time Traveller had noted, a perfectly realized geometric solid, possibly a dodecahedron, that was easily some fifty times as big as was their craft itself. It was illuminated softly from within by a pale yellow radiance that washed across the faces of the quartet in a xanthic and unearthly glaze as they hung, hushed and gaping, from the Time-ship's pipes and bars. The Traveller whistled softly, underneath his breath.

"A chrono-crystal. A fourth-dimensional mathematic growth within the five-dimensional fluid underlying all existence. I'd always theorized that such things should be possible, but to have my hypothesis proved so spectacularly right..."



"This is a phenomenon that I've not previously encountered."

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He trailed off as two more of the immense incandescent shapes, one blue and one a luscious mauve, floated up past them with an eerie, massive grace. With all other eyes fixed upon the glowing geometric marvels as they drifted by, only the fidgeting and nervous Randolph Carter, glancing down, raised the alarm.

"Dear God! One of those things is coming right underneath us!"

The timid scholar's fears were validated, catastrophically, almost as soon as they were voiced. With a bone-jarring crash and a great splintering squeal of brass on glass, their craft impacted with the topmost surface of a lucid and colossal jewel, a tesseraet of watery, radiant amethyst that Quatermain reckoned to be almost a furlong in diameter as he picked himself up unsteadily from the smooth, hard plain of mollusc-purple silicate where he'd been flung by the collision of their craft with this giant meta-object. Climbing to his feet, he felt the crystal surface singing faintly there beneath his palms and knew that this was matter of a higher order than that which he was accustomed to.

Not far away both Randolph Carter and his uncle similarly hauled themselves erect, while nearby the Time Traveller, seemingly not much worse for wear, was extracting himself from the dented pipework of his fabulous invention. Allan noticed a thin trail of blood crawl slowly from the Traveller's hairline, where it seemed his head had been brought into contact with the ship's controls, but the explorer did not think the injury looked serious. Indeed, the temporal astronaut danced back and forth with great enthusiasm on the surface of the Brobdingnagian gem where they were beached, peering into its depths excitedly.

"Look! It's responding to our presence! I see pictures moving in the inner facets down beneath our feet."

The Traveller's voice rang with the pure thrill of discovery. As Quatermain and the other two men looked down into the scrying glass on which they stood, they realized that the Time-voyager was correct. Deep down within the crystal, images were shifting and transforming in a slow kaleidoscope.

Allan's attention was seized by one vignette in particular: a wasted, almost skeletal old man sprawled on a pallet on what seemed to be a beige rug in an opium den, a thin pipe clasped there in his nerveless fingers. Crouching by the man, a striking woman in a long, red scarf seemed to be speaking urgently to the near cadaver. There was a sudden start of purest horror as Quatermain realized that the drugged and wretched creature slumped there in bug-haunted squalor was himself.

"An Aleph," the Time Traveller sighed, almost ecstatically. "Behold, my friends, Time's very fulcrum. Gaze, if you dare, into the diamond eyepiece of Infinity!"

To Be Continued



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Letters to the Editor... SIR -

Your editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him:
Editor of The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen
7910 Ivanhoe Ave., #438
La Jolla, CA 92037
Electro Magneto address:
loeg@wildstorm.com



Sir -
As a sometime student of English literature with a widely acknowledged fondness for Victoriana, I must say that this picture periodical of Messrs. Moore and O'Neill has provided me with far more delight than any other such periodical published this year. The authors are to be much praised for their fine work.

May I also say that I was rather pleasantly surprised by the cameo appearance of Miss Rosa Coote in #2? I was unaware that very many others today were at all familiar with the periodical in which she and the briefly mentioned Lord and Lady Pokingham originally appeared. On the other hand, given the familiarity with the late 19th century that Mr. Moore so clearly demonstrated in the periodical *From Hell*, I suppose that this should not have come as too much of a surprise at all.

Before I close, a brief enquiry: in the future, can we expect to see the adventures of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, Sir Percy and Lady Blakeny, the Reverend Dr. Syn, Mistress Hill, and N. Bumpo, Esq.? In any event, all due praise to the writer and artist for their skill and invention, and I look forward to the next issue with utmost excitement.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Karin Kross
Austin, TX

If, Madam, as you profess yourself to be, you are acquainted with the treasure-house of English literature, we fail to understand why you should willingly pollute your mind by wallowing in the reeking slums of vulgar, lurid penny-dreadful entertainment, ably represented by this current periodical. Furthermore, your willingness to own to a familiarity with the indecent publication in which Miss Coote made her debut indicates a shameless, "flighty" nature that does not become your gender. While Mr. Moore may be a hollow-eyed, vice-ridden wretch who is unable or unwilling to drag himself up out of the literary sewers, we have come to expect rather better, Madam, of the gender sex. As for your query with regard to Messrs. Gulliver, Blakeny and co. while we would not rule out the possibility of that which you suggest, you must not hope to see your expectations realised in the immediate future. As for the present, we suggest that you amend your readings to include more literature concerned with cookery and needlepoint, and less concerning gross immorality and flagellation, or, mark our words, we fear that you shall never marry.

Dear Sirs -

Congratulations on your recent production of the third installation of *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, known as "Mysteries of

ter by my most trusted messenger, I intend to forget about it, yourself, and anything or anyone connected to you.

But I had to send this letter, as I feel its subject falls into a category that you'll know best how to deal with. I wanted to urge you to, above all else, keep an eye on that which threatens our way of life more than anything else in the universe! I speak of the diabolical creation of Prof. Redwood and Mr. Bensington, the substance Herakleophobia, known by the popular name "Boomfood".

I'm sure I don't have to tell you, Sir, the risks one runs these days of encountering enormous insects or vermin during what SHOULD be pleasant sojourns in the countryside. I have seen the strongest of men shake and turn white at the thought of gigantic rats' eyes gleaming out of the darkness in the dead of night. I myself shudder at the idea, and I am a veteran of handwaul!

Even more disturbing, though, is the idea that the demon Boomfood has been given to infants! Infants who, I am given to understand, have grown into children that dwarf any grown man unfortunate enough to encounter them. And one of these children is a woman! Indeed, a foreigner, a princess! Of all the daft notions...

I know, lives have been passed forbidding the production of this Boomfood. But I fear it is already too late! This is an ill-tempored djinn released from its bottle and no one has the faintest idea how to return it to the ignorance which imprisoned it in the first place!

Forgive my ravings. But I truly believe that this substance, more than anything in existence, can possibly lead to the extinction of the human race as we know it! The Food, those who have taken it, and those who would make it, must be dealt with now!

Most sincerely yours,
Kim Metzger
Fort Wayne, IN

Sir, while we appreciate your no-doubt genuine concern, we rather fear that you have got yourself into a "blue funk" over the recent unfounded and alarmist allegations concerning the perfectly harmless Genetically Modified foodstuffs to which you refer. Surely these products, far from the despicable menace you point them as being, are truly a Food of the Gods? As for jaunts to the countryside, in our opinion these are much enlivened by the chance of encountering a giant rabbit, an immense hen, or, occasionally, an enormous cock. Your fears, Sir, we assure you, are entirely baseless, being nothing more than a seditious propaganda spread by Mr. Herbert Wells who was, we would remind you, a d..... Marxist.

Sir -

My highest regards to you and your outstanding periodical. I shall be brief, but I wish to

Tarry, gentle souls, and gloat on those whose suffering is greater than your own:

Mr. Henry Birdtail - "Twas under tamar-corner number seven that dear Papa embarked for Heaven."

Miss Hortense Quincy-Macmillan (Decapitated by a low-set river bridge whilst standing in a speeding punt upon the River Cam) - "Who would have thought she was so tall, or that poor Squiffy Brownlow could have rowed so fast?"

Master Digby Trotter (Frightened to death by parrots) - "I'm just going to the aviary, Mother. I may be some little time."

I should be appealing for assistance in my own dangerous plight: the fuzzywuzzies are getting closer, and they are terrifying myself and my fellow expedition colleagues.

Here in deepest, darkest Peru, I have tried all of the recommended remedies for such ills, but they are proving unhelpful: trinkets, baubles, strange combustible sparkle-powders and such like. My valet is quite distraught with this constant torment, and we have to leave for Machu Picchu at first light: we can commission a suitable pantachneon to pick up any blunderbusses/gadgets/silver garters etc.

I remain Sir, your faithful servant,
Sir Gaston Grimsdyke, Esquire

In our experience, while in an equatorial situation, the best means by which one might ensure cooperation from the natives is to carry with one's expedition a large crate containing issues of this current publication, or, indeed any such editions that bear the "Best Chapbooks of the Americas" imprint. Although of course unable to read English, the noble savages will recognise instinctively the sheer superior workmanship involved, and we would not be at all surprised if we should hear at some time in the future of vast jungle kingdoms that revolve about the worship of a single dog-eared copy of *Tim Strong*. We hope this information is of use to you in your current predicament.

Dear Sirs -

Okay, the Invisible Man, Dr. Jekyll, Captain Nemo, Mr. Hyde, Allan Quatermain, and the girl from *Duolito* walk into a bar. Have you heard this one?

Moore, you are a disarming genius. The scenes in the British Museum alone show your depravity. Get help. Finish the series first, but get help. Quatermain inspecting the relics from the cult of Ayesha was priceless. (Haggard is out there somewhere, laughing), and I also enjoyed the respective skulls of the Yahoo, Lilliputian and broodingnagian. The engineer from *From the Earth to the Moon* was also well placed. Really, I have only two complaints. #1: The image of Pollyanna getting raped by the Invisible Man. (My only memories of Pollyanna are of that stupid Disney movie and rape wasn't exactly crossing my mind when I thought of Pollyanna). #2: What in God's name are Gulliver, Natty Bumppo, Fanny Hill, the Blakenys and Dr. Syn, sometimes Vicar of Dymchurch-under-the-wall, doing at Montagu House together? That's just blowing my mind.

Now as to the mysterious "M", I don't think he's Sherlock's lazy brother. From individuals so subtle as to have Quatermain having an opium dream raving about diamond mines, naming Mycroft every thirty seconds is a bit too easy. My guess: The Napoleon of crime himself, Moriarty, got himself a legitimate job.

the East." Each month I anticipate the next installment; this humble correspondent and student of letters believes that The League is a new high water mark in sequential art. Mister Moore and Mister O'Neill are indeed without peer in this century. Indeed, it is a question of century that I wish to raise here.

Notwithstanding that your magazine's choice of appellation may be a misnomer (Mister Griffin's thankfully inimitable behaviour speaks to the inaccuracy of this term, to say nothing of the presence of Miss Murray, who, undoubtedly a lady, may not be described as a 'gentleman'), there is a curious question of orthography raised by this third instalment.

I applaud Mister Moore for his willingness to expose readers to the languages of the East and Far East, Messrs. Moore and Oakley for their ingenious decision to include those dialogues in their native orthography, and Mister O'Neill for his inclusion of Chinese and Arabic scripts in his scenery and backgrounds. However, the Chinese script chosen by Mister Oakley and Mister O'Neill for their portrayal of the speech and writing of Quong Lee, the mysterious 'Doctor', and their countrymen is unquestionably composed of so-called 'simplified' characters.

These characters (jiahua hanzì, to use pinyin, another anachronistic transcription), a simplification of traditional Chinese writing, were not in use in Europe, China, or the New World until 1956. Our friend the practicing sonatocaligrapher 'The Doctor', perversely progressive though he may be, would no doubt have ordinarily used the so-called traditional characters, which predate the simplified characters by more than four thousand years, on his limehouse business signs and on his unfortunate employee Ho Ling.

Perhaps this Oriental gentleman's astounding use of an orthographic standard sixty years ahead of his time can be attributed to some relationship to "The Time Traveller" introduced in the fascinating illustrated serial that Messrs. Moore and O'Neill have graciously appended to each instalment.

This correspondent will eagerly await the resolution of this "Mystery of the East."

Yours truly,
Jeremy Kahn

Sir, I hope that it is not redundant to remind you that nobody likes a "clever dick" or "Smart Alec". Such individuals, finding fault with the endeavours of good, honest artisans and heartlessly lampooning those whose only failing was to be unversed in a d... heathen tongue that surely the Creator never meant for human lips to utter in the first place, are a sorry, outcast bunch who have no friends and who shall go unmourned at their demise. For your information, our researches in this area were thorough and exacting, with Mr. O'Neill visiting a local Asiatic "At Home" catering establishment, where he undertook the laborious translations, aided only by the menu card. In light of this, we should point out that the lines etched by the Doctor on the flesh of Ho Ling were not originally intended to translate as "A man without spring roll is like a service charge not included". This was an error, and will be corrected in future bound volumes.

Sir -

I am sending this letter to you in care of the PM, hoping that it will reach your desk.

Let me first reassure you that, though I know of the existence of both yourself and your "League", it is information I do not intend to share with anyone I have far too many skeletons in my own closet that I'm sure a man of your skills could uncover. So, after I have sent this let-

ter, I commend you upon the creation of an adventure story made for intelligent audiences. It is a glimmering light amid the rubbish so common upon the newsstands. Allow me to also commend you upon the writing of such a fantastic story as to encapture an audience of all types - as example, I am the wife of a fine fellow working in the dazzling science of electricity, and we are both avid readers of your chapbook. My mind is whirling with but two queries: Shall there be a volume two or some other sort of continuation, and was there at all a reference to Mr. Charles Dickens within the pages concerning the poorhouse? There may have been, but I have not been able to obtain all his writings as yet and may have missed it. Thank you for your time, and keep up the first-rate work. I extend my apologies if this letter was perhaps a bit less brief than intended.

Yours, etc.
Trescha L. Miller
West Columbia, SC

There is, Madam, no need for apology, unless, of course, in the composing of this missive you have failed in the completion of your household chores, or preparation of your husband's dinner, in which case he will no doubt chastise you himself on his return from the electrical laboratory. As for your queries, further volumes of the League's adventures are indeed planned for the future, whereas with regard to Mr. Dickens we fear we must disappoint you, since no reference to his work was intended in the poorhouse scene. We would, however, direct your attention to the name of the cab company employed in issue two, from which a reference to *David Copperfield* may be inferred, and to forthcoming Dickensian allusions in the sixth number of our periodical.

Discerning Editor -

My congratulations upon your participation in this fine periodical. It is not my usual habit to traffic in such trifles, which besides are rarer than an albino water buffalo out here, but I was forced to make allowance when I noted that depicted within your journal's pages was that rampansman Allan Quatermain. I was greatly pleased by this: Mr. Moore has captured that bounder's pathetic streak of cowardice with supernatural accuracy. I take umbrage with the portrait in only one respect, and that is this - Quatermain is certainly dead. The method of his perishing may not be as presented to the masses, but he is a corpse. At least Mr. Moore has not resurrected the so-called "Great Detective."

Dead men should remain so.

Col. Sebastian Moran (ret.)

Kenya

Sir, while you may be justly famed for tracking a tiger up a drainage ditch whilst in the Colonies, we would remind you that you are fictitious. Further to this, we must think you will find that you are legally contracted to a cameo role in our next issue, for which Mr. O'Neill will need you back from Kenya and posing in our studio by next week at the latest. Stop this nonsense now and come home while you've still a job here to come home to. When it comes to third-string Victorian villains, we would remind you that you are scarcely the sole pebble on the beach. As for the Great Detective, he also appears in the fifth number of our serial entertainment, rendering your relief at his continued absence somewhat premature.

To the Editor, Sir -

Having read your excellent comestible of the pictorial-paper journal variety, I can see that your good selves are the very persons to whom

one thing should have Grifflin added to the death of Sherlock Holmes. The placement of the story (1898) would be four years after Sherlock Holmes reappeared (not dead at all) from the Richenbach Falls. "The Adventure of the Empty House" was written in 1903, but Doyle set the date as 1894. So Holmes would be four years alive by the time that your story rolls around.

Well, even if I'm wrong about M as Moriarty (although I don't think I am) I place my trust in the collective hands of all the talented people on this project. I can't wait to see what happens next. I'm sure it will be enjoyable.

Sincerely,
Paul Dailing

While we're of course aware that Doctor Watson's commentary implies that Sherlock Holmes returns in 1894 from his long absence, we've elected to treat publication dates of the various narratives referred to in our tale as if they were indeed the dates on which the events in those narratives occurred. As far as we're concerned, the Great Detective does not stage his reappearance until 1903. We assume that Doctor Watson may have had some reason for deliberately misleading the sleuth's public as to the true details of their hero's seeming death and disappearance. As concerns your speculations with regard to the identity of Mr. M, don't you think that it's rather unlikely that a common layman such as yourself might have accurately guessed the narrative intentions of a master of the unexpected plot twist such as Mr. Moore assures us that he is? Fie, Sir, on your presumption.

Dear Sir -

Just imagine... If "M" is not Mycroft, but Moriarty...

Your obedient servant,
Edison Aran

Sir -

Is M Moriarty?
Paul Shackley,
Lancaster, Lancashire

Oh, very well! If you're all going to wheedle and whine like a lot of babies, then yes. Yes. M is Moriarty. Yes, yes, yes, confound you! On the other hand, those of you who have written in under the apparent belief that our next volume may be in some way connected with an incursion from the planet Mars simply couldn't be more wrong if you tried. As if we would descend to such depths of predictability! Why, the very idea is laughable.

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ANSWERS IN BRIEF:

Suicidal (G.T.W.) - 1. Oh, stop whining and pull yourself together. 2. A stout rope, available from any hardware shop. 3. No, none whatsoever.

Unhealthy Dreams (R.S.B.) - 1. A form of rattle, made from wire wool. 2. Harmless! We scarcely think of you must report your mother to the authorities. 3. Perhaps six months at most, though many perish more swiftly.

Boils (Hildeous) - 1. That won't work. It is a punishment from God. 2. Yes, photographed from that angle it does look rather like Randolph Churchill. 3. Rousing.

Worried (D.H.) - Anything below eight inches is considered freakish.

"It is necessary that the British public be assured that they are in safe hands. It is not essential that they should know whose."

"M"

**Military Intelligence
(Group Five) memo,
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